

The Longing Shepherdels:
O. R.,
LADY lie neer me.
 To the Tune of, Lady lie neer me, Or, the green garter.



All in the Month of May,
 When all things blossom,
 As in my bed I lay
 Sleep it grew loathsome:
 Up I rose and did walk
 o'er yon Mountains, (Dales
 Through Mountains & through
 o'er Rocks and Mountains,
 I heard a voice to say
 Sweet-heart come chear me,
 Thou hast been long away
 Lady lye neer me.

Down by yon River side
 and Lurgins billows,
 A pleasant Grove I spide
 well set with willows;
 In it a Shepherdels
 singing most clearly,
 And still her note it was,
 Lady lye neer me.
 Come away do not stay, &c.

Sweet-heart thou stayst too long:
 Phebus is watching,
 Aurora with her steed,
 is fast approaching:
 She doth her chariot mount
 which much do fear me,
 Each hour a year I count
 till you lye neer me:
 Come away do not stay
 sweet-heart and chear me,
 Thou hast been long away
 Lady lye neer me.

Hymen keeps holy day
 Love take thy pleasure,
 Cupid hath thrown away
 his Bow and Quiver;
 Boeas doth gently blow
 lest I should fear him,
 Yet dare I not to stay
 alone to hear him.
 Come away, &c.

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Do not Adonis like
Sweet-heart fly from me
For careful I will be
as doth become me,
Both of my flock and thine
whilst they are feeding
Dear is my love to thee
as is exceeding.
Come away, &c.

I may sing welladay
my joys are ended,
The hour of my approach
is almost spenden :
My Parents will me miss,
and Swains will see me,
Thus still her note it was,
Lady Ipe near me :
Come away, &c.

She had no sower spoke
but her true Lober,
Near to her did approach
her grief to smother :
Hearing thy moone my Sweet,
I came to chear thee,
And will besoze I part;
dearest lie near me :
Be not sad, I am glad
that I did hear thee,
And what as can be had
shoue have to chear thee.

No cost that I will spare,
for to content thee,
Iunkets the best that are,
they shall be sent thee :
The chiefest I can get,
and best Canary,
Then do not Sweet-heart sit
so solitary.
Be not sad, &c.

I hate to hear the mind
of a base peasant,
Thou still shalt find me kind
Partridge and Pheasant,
Butchers meat is but gross
fair that is dainty,
For thee my loving Lads
we will have plenty,
Be not sad, &c.

Adonis like to probe
that were so cruel,
No one so dear I love
the richest jewel;
I do not estimate
like thee my sweeting,
I in my heart will hate
for to be flaking,
Be not sad, &c.

The time we 'I pass away,
Histories reading,
Whilst our flock day by day;

gently are feeding :
And on my Datten-Heed
Love to requite thee,
Care away I will play
for to delight thee.
Be not sad, &c.

The birds with their Sweet
cheerfully singing, (notes
Also will thee delight,
contentment bringing :
Whose pleasant Harmony
from them resounding,
Still will delightful be,
most sweetly sounding.
Be not sad, &c.

Though I my self am absent,
and sometimes leave thee,
To work thy discontent
let nothing grieve thee,
But merry be Sweet-heart
till my returning.
Alone my dear thou art
then cease thy mourning :
For I will still be kind
always to chear thee,
And for to cease thy mind,
I will be neer thee.

F I N I S. R. G.

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